DVICE to LOVERS

I is very little trouble and worth a great deal to us all to learn never to do or say unnecessarily disagreeable things to each other. So many times a cutting remark or a criticism that need not have been offered will sink very deeply (if the recipient is a sensitive person) and will

not be forgotten for many a long day.
It is just as easy and so much better policy to be kind. Young lovers are often so thoughtless of each other's

colings as to be positively cruel.

The boy who priticises unnecessarily and leaves the girl sticking er chin up and saying. With flashing eyes, that she doesn't care what he think little knows that this same dignified, puny person may spend an hour crying hi heart out because he was so mean to her.

by who gets shubbed and apparently doesn't care never lets the girl who hastone 't knew how it affects him, although it may make him blue for

a yag girl. I liked her very the not give him up, then. Ten years much I mat her a few days ago, is not much. is about for yours older than I am. I Certainly, t you like bor,

He Is Oler.

has takenme to several places of Takes Her Out. get a fellow yanger than he, because If you love him, marry him,

the thinks I am wasting my time with um I would be heartbroken to give WO yes ago I was introduced to him up. He would also feel very badly.

Wants to Marry.

HAVE a good position with a salary of \$100 per month. I would like to find out if I can marry a young girl of seventeen years.

EUROPEAN. Of course you can, if she wants to

MET a young fellow and he made a practice of calling on me twice a a young man to years my senior, with | week and occasionally took me out whom I am ver much in love. He re- lie wants to know if I will consent to

ORDER OF THE LEMON.

WELCOM: to our order," ejaculated the Animated Grouch. "I refer Auxillay. As a distant Auxiliay. As a disburser of lemons Mrs. Verrault ranks with one of those trim vessels that arrive from tropical lands and unload alongside the Battery landing of the Thirty-ninth street ferry.

"For a woman to hand a man lemon is natural, and in the course of her existence every woman hands a lemon to many men, the number depending apon her chances. Mrs. Verrault, in originating a scheme to hand the lemon in bulk, is entitled to a place in the list of officers of the Order of the Lemon, with August Belmont, William Travers Jerome, President Winter of the B. R. T. and others. But when you apply the acid test to her system you will find that she worked according to the old conclogy formula-the wiser the guy the softer

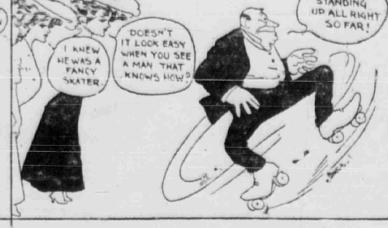
"The ready letter writers who answered her advertisements in which she declared her intention of allowing a loving husband to clamp his hooks on her income of \$10,000 a year directed their attention mostly to the coin. When they found that the woman with the income lived in a manelon and was good looking they didn't stop to ask themselves anything. It didn't seem any to the peroxide to them that this good-looking widow with her brownstone shack and bucks a month coming in couldn't get a husband in this great city of New

York without raking up the personal columns. "Each one of the come-ons when he left the house after his first visit "Each one of the come-ons when he left the house after his first visit A put it in the cage with the other stopped in a ginmill down the line, blew himself to something, looked at himself birds for a week or two until it is earnestly in the mirror and murmured into his own ear; This is easy. She's seen whether or not the new arrival. To Make Skin Clear. prawhed in on me."

O THE JOLLY GIRLS-THEY Win! By George McManus AN ENGAGED GIRL'S











Care of Pets.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

To Make Skin Clear.

Welt and stir in one dram of balsam of displays any signs of displays a

pashed in on me.'

"He thought he was coming the woman. When a man reaches that stage his right name are Patsy Bolivar. He can con his mother all the time, and his wife some of the time, but he can't con any other woman any of the time. The seminor chasers who called on Mrs. Verrault and had dreams about what special make of motor car they were going to buy wish her money never thought that there might be other wise guys sitting in the game. Every time favored how to contract the cane of motor car they were going to buy wish her money never thought that there might be other wise guys sitting in the game. Every time for intended to one they thought that there might be other wise guys sitting in the game. Every time for intended to not how to one they warm the could have worked the game just the cume if she had a face like a half portion of the clean wholesome and digestible food. Another the cleansing process causes any irritation use a good of cream after washing and drying the face well. This is a pleasant and diftion of fire tongue to which you refer may be helped if every morning the worked to the pets already belonging to the household. Birds wishen the household. Birds wishen the household in cages in the bound and should drams of orange flower water and stir brisk process causes any irritation use a good of any of the cleansing process causes any irritation use a good of the clean washing and drying the face well. This is a pleasant and diston of fire tongue to which you refer may be helped if every morning the face well. This is a pleasant and diston of the cleansing pour off the cleans wholesome and digestible food.

I have been the first of all that your health to game flower water and stir brisk process causes any irritation use a good of any of the cleansing process causes any irritation use a good of the cleansing process causes any irritation use a good of the cleansing process causes any irritation use a good of the cleansing process causes any irritation use a good of the cleansing process causes

be baif an apple to a quart of cran- 22

MOST TRYING ORDEAL.

By Helen Oldfield.

g T is by no means always the pleasant and easy matter which it should be for a man to introduce a stranger to his family as his future wife. It is an undeniable trait of feminine character that women, with few exceptions—even e best and most unselfish of them-resent the fact that the men of their families desire to form new ties, and are apt to regard their so doing as more or less of a personal injury.

It is the duty of the lover to be gentle and tender with his relatives-to lat them down easily and kindly, so to speak. Because the paragon of her sex has made him the happiest of men is no valid reason that he shall make his mother or sister unhappy by emphasizing the fact that they are no longer necessary to him. It is hard to have the sweet associations of one's whole life disarranged by the advent of a stranger. There is rurely any excuse, never any reason, why a lover need be unkind to or wilfully neglectful of his own family. Naturally he must devote less time and attention to them, but he will not forego all afrectionate demonstrations to his mother nor ignore altogether the pursuints which he has hitherto shared with his sister; and he will, sometimes at least, invite the latter to join his sweetheart and himself in their amusements.

Making acquaintance with these future relatives is necessarily an ordes! for the bride-elect. She is wise to endure it, if possible, before marriage. while she may break the engagement if she finds their "impossible," or is made to real! that they find her so, says Helen Oldfield in the Chicago Tribune. Even though people may like a girl and approve of her under other circumstances, they may not admire her sufficiently to welcome her as one of themselves. She must face the fact that they have not chosen her, and the more simply and naturally she bears herself under the inevitals a criticism the

An unfortunate error of taste is for the bride-elect, upon a visit to her lover's home, to devote herself principes'y, not to say exclusively, to her lover, and thereby fall in courtesy to his family or their friends.

May Manton's Daily Fashions,

T HE house gown that is made with the slightly open neck and elbow sleeves is the favorite one of fashion, and is so ideally comfortable that it appeals to the woman of practical mind as well as to the one who seeks for novelty and smariness. This one is eminently simple at the same time that it is absolutely grace-for and can be made from a variety of materials. For the coming cool weather challie, cashmere, albatross and soft silks all are appro-griste, while for immediate wear musics can be utilmusiins can be utilized. In the illustration ring - dotted batiste is trimmed with banding of embroidery, but there are as many trimmings as there are materials, so that every opportunity is

Dainty House Gown-Pattern No. 5446.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MAN-How to TON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered Thees Patterns

THE JUNGLE'S" Author, UPTON SINCLAIR, Wrote This LOVE STORY

Printed Exclusively in The Evening World.

King Midas. A Study of a Woman's Soul.

(Copyrighted, 1901, by Upton Sinclairs)

BY UPTON SINCLAIR.

CHAPTER I. "O Madchen, Madchen, Wie fleb' ich dich!" T was that time of year when all the world be-

busy plantim for another harvest to have any thought aware of where he was, of poets; so hat the latter, and the few others who For fully a minute more the girl stood motionless. their own for we joyful months, from the time that the scat.

no flowers; and wis, whenever he stopped to gaze at bere!" she cried. a group of them, led them unmolested in their happi. The other started forward as if he would have and carried in one hand a half-open book, which, before the girl's beauty. however, he seemed to have forgotten.

The flowers did not told his attention very long, in a low voice. however; he rose up an turned away toward where, "Recollect you?" was the answer. "Why, you dear, a few steps beyond, the open country could be seen foolish boy, of course I recollect you. But how in the between the free frunks Beyond the edge of the world do you come to be here?" woods was a field, through which the footpath and the afreamlet both ran, he former to join a road leading to a little town witch lay in the distance. with a slight explamation, his face turning paler. Hilltown?" He stepped into the conresiment of the thick bushes at one side, where he stood gazing out, motioniers except for a alight trembling. Diwn the road he had? seen a white-sigd figure just coming out of the village: If was too far away to be recognized, but it was clae. Do you know, I don't think I'd ever been so tan and he seemed to know who i was.

Peaks which lined the roadside and hid her from the They don't have any bobolinks in Germany, and so I don't mean for the memoir, but because I want to town of Oakdale, just across the fields.)

other's view; he rould not see her again until she that one was the first I have heard in three years. know the news." came to the place where the streamlet was crossed You heard him, didn't you, Arthur?" by a bridge, and where the little path turned off "I did-at first," said Arthur. to look at something for the other had almost started singing and everything else in Germany, you know. From his hiding place in his easerness when finally so I never sang out of business hours, but I believe she swept past the bushes. She turned down the path i could sing all day now, because I'm so happy."

straight toward him, and he classed his hands to"Go on," said the other seriously; "I could listen."

with their first sprinkling of butteroups. She was clad in a dress of snowy white, which the wind ewept before her as she walked; and it had stolen one strand of her golden hair to toss about and play with. She came with all the eagerness and spring of the brooklet that danced beside her her cheeks glowing with health and filled with the laughter of the morning. Surely, of all the flowers of the May-time there is none so fair as the maiden. And the young man thought as he stood watching her that in all the world there was no maiden so fair as this.

She did not see him, for her eyes were lifted to a little bobolink that had come flying down the wind. "Oh. if is so beautiful!" she cried aloud. "It is so beautiful!"

In the meantime the young man, sell unseen, had been standing in the shadow of the bushes, drinking in the sight. The landscape and the figure and the song had all faded from his thoughts, or rather blended themselves as a halo about one thing, the face of this girl. For it was one of those faces that a man may see once in a lifetime and keep as a longs to poets, for their harvest of joy; when haunting memory ever afterward, as a vision of the longs to poets, for their harvest of joy, when smeetness and glory of woman; at this moment it those who sack the country not for beauty, but smeetness and glory of woman; at this moment it was a face transferred with rapture, and the man for coolnes, have as yet thought nothing about it. was a face transfigured with rapture, and the man and when tose who dwell in it all the time are too who was gazing upon it was trembling, and scarcely

something in their hearts to chime with the gazing about at the forest; then she chanced to look great spring masic, have the woods and waters all for toward the spring, where she saw the flowers upon

the first snowy blood root has blossomed, until the "Why, some one has left a nosegay!" she exwild rose has fased and nature has no more to say, claimed, as she started forward; but that seemed to Of the beauty a wonderfully aquandered there was suggest another shought to her, and she looked but one witness, a young man who was walking sround. As she did so she caught sight of the young slowly along, stepping as it seemed where there were man and sprang toward him. "Why, Arthur! You

ress. He was tall and slenderly built, with a pale clasped her in his arms; but then recollecting himself face shadowed by dark hair; he was clad in black, be came forward very slowly, half lowering his eyes

"So you recollect me. Helen, do you?" he said.

"I came here to see you. Helen."

The glance which she gave made his heart leap up; for a moment or two they were slient, looking at leading to a little town high lay in the distance.
The landscape was beautiful in its morning freshness, each other, and then suddenly another thought struck the girl. "Arthur," she cried. "I forgot! Do you he had given but one giange before he stayted back mean to tell me that you have come all the way from

"Yes. Helen."
"And just to see me?"

"Yes, Helen."

"You came to welcome me! And so did everything tells me you're going to be a great poet!" solvering girl, walking with a quick and springing happy in my life as I was just now. For I thought the old trees greeted me, and the bridge and the Eligathed not gone far before she came to a thick stream! And I'm sure that was the same bobolink! I knew about you. Tell me about things, "Helen" he cried, "you cannot mean to forget put his hand to his forehead, which was flushed and the little Episcopal Church in the "Helen" he cried, "you cannot mean to forget put his hand to his forehead, which was flushed and the little Episcopal Church in the "Helen" he cried, "you cannot mean to forget put his hand to his forehead, which was flushed and the little Episcopal Church in the "Helen" he cried, "you cannot mean to forget put his hand to his forehead, which was flushed and the little Episcopal Church in the "Helen" he cried, "you cannot mean to forget put his hand to his forehead, which was flushed and the little Episcopal Church in the "Helen" he cried, "you cannot mean to forget put his hand to his forehead, which was flushed and the little Episcopal Church in the "Helen" he cried, "you cannot mean to forget put his hand to his forehead, which was flushed and the little Episcopal Church in the "Helen" he cried, "you cannot mean to forget put his hand to his forehead, which was flushed and the little Episcopal Church in the "Helen" has been the little Episcopal Church in the little Episcopal Church

toward the forest 'In the meantime he stood waiting "And then you heard me, you wicked boy! You anxiously; for . nen she reasped there he would see heard me come in here singing and talking to myself her plainty for the first time, and also know if she like a mad creature! I don't think I ever felt so erming to the spring. She must have stopped like singing before. They make hard work out of poet. And that is the news about myself."



"How long ago it was that I saw you last! Three whole years!"

you'll never have another chance to hear. For I was lie's got the parlor all full of these horrible theo-

school at Hilltown."

"And you like it?"

like singing before. They make hard work out of singing and everything else in Germany, you know, so I never sang out of business hours, but I believe as I never sang out of business hours, but I believe that is the news about myself."

"Except," added Helen, "that you walked twelve miles this glorious Saturday morning to wefcome me home, which was beautiful. And, of course, you'll stay over Sunday now you're here. I can invite you works we used. You must not talk to me that way, in his hands and then the singing and relicing to the country everything is growing and relicing. "I must think what this springtime is a few as in the way for me was rar thur, and everything is growing and relicing."

"Except," added Helen, "that you walked twelve miles this glorious Saturday morning to wefcome that is what I want you to put into the country everything is growing and relicing."

"Except," added Helen, "that you walked twelve miles this glorious Saturday morning to wefcome that is what I want you to put into the poem for me home, which was beautiful. And, of course, you'll say over Sunday now you're here. I can invite you work we used. You must not talk to me that way, in his hands and whispering. "Oh, if I should lose her!" As old Polonius has "on the country everything is growing and relicing."

"Except," added Helen, "that you walked twelve miles think what I want you to put into the country everything is growing and relicing."

"Except," added Helen, "that you want in think what I want you to put into the country everything is growing and relicing."

"I must think what I want you to put into the country everything is growing and relicing."

"I must think what I want you to put into the country every way way from the country every way way from the country every way way from the country every way and in the country every way and it is the news into the country every way and in the country every way and

fust going to make a speech to the forest, and I logical works of his, just as if God had never made that we sat there by the spring, and you were her every movement until she came to the place think I should have kissed each ore of the flowers. anything beautiful! And since I've been away that You might have put it all into a poem, for oh, father tells me you're going to be a great poet?"

"I'm going to try," said Arthur blushing. - wouldn't allow you to burn a candie in the organ. The girl gazed at him with a frightened look; he "Just tolink how romantic that would be" the girl loft, and father never was of any use for quarrelling had sunk down upon his knee before her, and he For a moment afterward he stood routed to the laughed, "and I could write your memoir and tell at about things." (Helen's father, the Rev. Austin Davis, caught her hand which lay upon the log at her side-spot, then whirled about and laughed aloud. He

lege last spring, as I wrote you, and I'm teaching come all the old things after so long, and to find you"-

And truly the cas a very vision of the springtime. "You should have kept yourself hidden and then reins of government. You never saw such a sight in She did not notice that the young man's forehead "Helen!" He protested, helplessly.

The protested hidden and then reins of government. You never saw such a sight in She did not notice that the young man's forehead "Helen!" He protested helplessly.

The protested helplessly.

the merry song which she had sung before; then she mind"stopped to shake her head at a saucy adder's tongue. Helen stopped, breathlessly.

that thrust its yellow face up through the dead "-or you would not have been so kind to me?" eaves at her feet, and to ask that wisest-looking the other added faintly.

ing had it not been that the woods came to an end. In that way." disclosing more open fields and a village beyond. The young man glanced once at her, and when "We'd better not go any farther," said Helen, laughhe saw the stern look upon her face he buried his
ing; "If any of the earth creatures should hear us head in his arms without a sound. carrying on they would not know it was Trunken- For fully a minute they remained thus, in silence; heit ohne Wein."

"It does not make any difference," was the reply: 'I hadn't thought of it."

walk ought to be to us. Arthur!" "I do not know about you, Helen." said the young

man, " but it has been dear to me indead. I could not tell you how many times I have walked over it. the many times I had walked it with you. You haven't forgotten, Helen, have you?"

"No." said Helen "Not ope?"

hand and gazing steadily at the girl.
"Do you remember. Helen?"— He stopped; and The other gazed at her for a moment or two; ha

"Remember what" she ssked.

her giance away again.
"Do you remember?" he asked again, seeing that down the hillside. she was silent.

breaking. "Do you not remember the last night and all his soul seemed to be dancing in time with going away, no one knew for how long-and how where the path baux hide her from his view. The

that? For that promise has been the one joy of my hot, and he gazed about him, as if he were not sure "Oh, Artbut." she said as she led him down the life, that for which I have labored so hard! My where he was "Oh, she is so beautiful;" he cried, "There isn't any. Helen, except that I finished col- path, "just think hew happy I ought to be, to wel- one hope, Helen! I came to-day to claim it, to tell his face a picture of rapture. "So beaut

them all so beautiful; it is just as if the country And with a wild glance about her, the girl aprang any madman, now muttering to himself and now "I hate it, but I have to keep alive to try to be a I feel as if I were not half gay enough in return. "Arthur, you must not apeak Helen's name. When he stopped again he was far

chose at any rate to pretend not to. She sang to him and holding close to her the hand he had held, "I about the forest and the flowers, and some more of had no blea there was such a thought in your

of all flowers what secrets it knew about the spring-time. "I was but a child when I went away. I wish you How long that might have lasted there is no tell- still to be a friend. Arthur; but you must not act

then as Helen watched him her chest ceased grad-

She stretched out her hand to her companion, and ually to heave, and a gentler look returned to her led him to a seat upon a faller, log nearby. 'Poor face. She came and sat down on the log again, boy,' she said, "I forgot that you were supposed to "Arthur," she said after another silence, "can we not just be friends?"

The young man answered nothing, but he raised, his head and gazed at her; and she saw that there-"There's no need to walk farther," said Helen, were tears in his eyes, and a look of mute helpless-"for I've seen all that I wish to see. How dear this ness upon his face. She trembled slightly, and rose to her feet again.

"Arthur," she said gravely, "this must not bes we must not sit here any longer. I must go. "Helen!" exclaimed the other, apringing up.

But he saw her brow kult again, and he stopped short. The girl gazed about her, and the village in the distance caught her eye. "Listen," she said, with forced calmness; "I prom-

twed father that I would go and see old Mrs. Woodward, who was asking for me. You may wait here, The young man was resting his head upon his if you like, and walk home with me, for I shall not

she turned with her bright clear eyes and gazed into was trying to read the girl's heart, but he saw only the quiet firmness of her tentures.

"Do you remember the last time we took it. And Arthur's head sank upon his breast, "Yes, telen?" he said. When he ilfted it again, the girl "Will you wait, Arthur?" she asked again She flushed a trifle, and haif involuntarily turned was gone; she had disappeared in the thicket, and he could hear her footsteps as she passed swiftly

He went to the edge of the woods, where he could "Yes, I remember," said the girl, her voice lower, see her a short distance below, hurrying down the "But I'd rather you did not"— She stopped short. path with a step as light and free as ever. The "You wish to forget it. Helen" asked Arthur. wind had met her at the forest's edge and joined. He was trembling with anxiety, and his bands, her once more, playing about her skirts and tossing which were clasped about his knee, were twisching, the filly again. As arthur watched her, the old 'Oh, Helen, how can you?" he went on, his voice music came back into his heart; his eyes sparkind,

And he started through the forest as wildly as

truly it was "the very ecstasy of love,"
"To Be Continued.)